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EDITORIAL: **PARTISAN POLITICS**

the

Commonweal

CHARLES MALIK — **THE IMPACT OF AMERICA**

ROBERT BARRAT — **ON THE ROAD TO CHARTRES**

JAMES M. O'NEILL
DONALD McDONALD
FRANCIS DOWNING

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The Washboiler that Grew Into the World's Leading Church Candle Factory...

NINETY-SIX YEARS AGO, young Anton Will and his wife, Rosina, put some beeswax, some candlemaking knowledge and a lot of hope into a washboiler on the kitchen stove. That, in a 10 by 10 kitchen, on a modest side street of Syracuse, N. Y., was the start of the world's leading church-candle factory.

Patiently, Anton and Rosina dipped braided cotton wicks into the melted wax; drew them out to harden, and dipped them over and over again. When the wicks were coated to proper size, they rolled the wax into graceful candles. Candles of pure beeswax. Catholic churches bought them eagerly. Anton and Rosina became the pioneer church candlemakers in America.

Debt, Death and a Widow's Might

Came the day when reputation of the small concern reached New York City. A large buyer there sent an order for a thousand pounds of candles. Anton didn't have all the money to buy that much beeswax. A Syracuse friend came to the rescue and lent him the money.

Then Anton died. Rosina alone, with three small boys to support, carried on. Before long, the boys were busy dipping wicks. And today two of the sons of those boys are officers in the company which ships beeswax products by the millions . . . imports crude beeswax from all continents.

All crude beeswax is tested first by the laboratory . . . graded for various uses, refined, purified and bleached snow-white under the sun. Only the finest, whitest and purest of the refined bleached beeswax is used for the church candles that gave the company its start and its reputation.

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THE Commonweal

week by week

PARTISAN POLITICS

EDITORIALLY, the lot of a journal which, traditionally or early in a specific campaign, makes a definite party choice is a comparatively happy one. Its task is clearly twofold: to support the party and its candidate for president at every juncture, and to keep all spirits high by fastening on every particle of evidence that the standard-bearer will win decisively. Such a paper's job between now and November is to fight the good fight.

There will be moments in any contest for the presidency when the opposition makes better sense on a debated issue, but that has to be taken in stride —admitted for the sake of convincing the undecided or regenerate reader, or rationalized to lessen that argument's impact. Likewise, on certain days prospects of victory will wane due to some regional straw vote, a bad speech by a party candidate (or a good one by an opponent) or a defection to the enemy camp by some person of national or local prominence. Here again editorial confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right candidate must never sag; the good must triumph!

In contrast, an independent or non-partisan attitude toward politics is fraught with editorial difficulties. It is open to charges of dilettantism, over-intellectualism, and even irresponsibility—since it refuses or postpones the making of a very necessary act of the will. How easy it is to sit things out and carp from the sidelines. Moreover, the distinction between pretending to a certain political objectivity and refusing to take sides is not always easy to put across.

Of the two general approaches toward political comment just outlined, The Commonweal clearly represents the latter. Since its reorganization in 1938 this magazine has never seen its duty to be the promotion of any candidate for public office. There have been campaigns where editorial sympathies were rather obvious—despite differences with presidential candidates on important issues. There have been other contests where this editorial staff has indicated that it was sharply divided, as in the Roosevelt-Willkie debate. In no case has The Commonweal felt it could serve as an unquestioning party organ.

What then comprises the basis for the political opinions expressed in these pages, since party loyalty does not compass them? There exists a basic body of Christian social principles, a view of man and society, of the citizen and the State, that serves as a sort of general yardstick. This includes a strong leaning toward genuine democracy—a due sharing of responsibilities and rewards—at every level institutionally. It also involves, among other things, a strong emphasis on human rights consonant with the inviolability of the human person and man's immortal destiny.

TO translate such cosmic principles into practical politics is hardly child's play. And the distance between promise and performance only compounds the difficulties of making one's choice. The carrying out of party platforms (where they are specific enough to do so) and of impassioned campaign promises has seldom been a marked feature of American political life. One of this nation's greatest weaknesses is its chronic failure to attract for public service men of outstanding political talents and moral qualities. Too often the conscientious voter is forced to realize that the best he can do is to designate on his ballot the lesser of two evils.

But there is work to do. Society has its obligations. The United States has undertaken vast responsibilities overseas and within our own borders. Choices must be made. Top-lofty disdain for politics and politicians is worse than insidious. Here and now the advantages of a new broom in Washington must be weighed against the disadvantages of resumption of power by a party which in domestic affairs, at least, was the acme of shortsightedness between the wars. Even the tragic misjudging of the Soviet Union and whatever the Democratic administrations contributed to the loss of China, have to be evaluated on the basis of what leading Republican figures were doing and advocating at the time. How decide on the basis of such considerations which party will do better in the councils of the world?

At present writing the practical issues of the cam-

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paign have yet to crystallize; the extent to which the comment of these pages will favor one candidate over the other remains somewhat uncertain. But in whatever directions the campaign develops, the way we score the points will depend more on the general social principles to which year in year out we subscribe (and the chances of approximating their realization) than on a predisposed allegiance to any party.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE

THERE was occasion for great rejoicing the other day when the narrow river steamer, the Johann Strauss, completed a relatively short but wonderfully scenic voyage from Linz in upper Austria to the once irresponsibly gay metropolis of Vienna. It was the first time since the war that officials of the USSR had permitted a vessel so to pierce the Iron Curtain. It vaguely calls to mind certain historic strong points along German rivers still pointed out to visiting Americans—the places where heavy chains were once stretched across by local robber barons to stop all ships. Only after tribute had been exacted were these vessel and their cargoes permitted to proceed. And yet boats continued to ply between the cities along these rivers.

The muddy Danube is the principal navigable artery of Central Europe. It rises in the Black Forest in southwestern Germany and flows past Regensburg into Northern Austria. Beyond Vienna it forms the boundary between Czechoslovakia and Hungary and eventually reaches Budapest. It then flows south to Belgrade, Yugoslavia, and once again behind the Curtain to divide Rumania from Bulgaria. It empties into the Black Sea not far south of the Russian port of Odessa.

Four years ago the Soviet Union expelled representatives of the Western Powers from the official Danube Commission; the USSR's apparent object was to exercise a firm monopoly over this leading East-West trade route. Now the Russians are apparently modifying that idea somewhat.

Ever since the turn of the year there has been decreasing interference on the part of the Soviet authorities with the substantial river-borne trade between Yugoslavia and Austria and Germany; the Russians want their own Danube commerce to go through more safely and smoothly than it has. In the background there is also the long-awaited project of a Danube power authority similar to TVA, which satellite Rumania would be able to block only at the expense of the lower Danube region—to say nothing of the enmity that would arouse.

No doubt the Soviet Union relaxes her hold because she is convinced from recent experience there that it is decidedly to her advantage (economically) to do so. This unusual step is susceptible of a rather optimistic interpretation: it may be an indication that the USSR expects the European *status quo* to continue for some time, that she is quite resigned to peaceful co-existence. It will likewise inevitably mean greater intercommunication between the rival worlds. The developments which led to the partial reopening of the historic Danube could even serve as a telling argument for the way the United States is going about the building up of Western Europe.

NEXT WEEK

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON writes of the present prospects of civilization.

"Modern civilization today seems to be following the same road as the ancient world under the Roman Empire; on the one hand, a vast development of material resources and luxury—above all luxury for the masses—bread and games and baths and theatres; on the other, a vast development of power—the overwhelming pressure of unlimited power, concentrated in the hands of the masters of the world. But in our case the danger is greater, because our power and resources are incomparably greater, and because the tradition we are losing is not that of the pagan city-state, but that of Christendom. Nevertheless, this gloomy parallel is not altogether a hopeless one . . ."

TIT FOR TAT

THE magazine *Amerika*, which was published by the State Department for distribution in Russia, always suffered more than its fair share of troubles. Certainly any commercial venture which faced similar difficulties would have closed its doors long since. But *Amerika* was never intended to be a commercial venture, and the problems it encountered could have surprised only the naive.

The Russian government allowed the publication of *Amerika* to begin during World War II, as something of a friendly gesture toward wartime allies. Over the years, circulation has varied between ten and fifty thousand, the top limit ever permitted by the Russians.

Amerika had one main purpose: to give as many Soviet citizens as possible a true picture of life in the United States. To accomplish this aim, the magazine was given a handsome format and was printed

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in rich color. And although controversial subjects directly related to East-West tensions had to be avoided, within the limits imposed upon them the editors did their best to counteract Russian propaganda. The net result of their labors must necessarily have come as something of a shock to regular readers of U. S.-hating Soviet publications.

On the Russian end, purchase of the magazine was never made easy. The newsstand cost was high, amounting inside the Soviet to the equivalent of one dollar and thirty cents. In addition to the expense of the magazine, the Russian citizen who bought an issue of *Amerika* laid himself open to the risk of a visit from the secret police. But despite such drawbacks, copies of the magazine disappeared from the newsstands in a manner that would have delighted the heart of any Henry Luce or Gardner Cowles.

The popular success enjoyed by *Amerika* was too much for the Soviet government. Necessarily, the actual machinery for the distribution of the magazine was always in the hands of the Russians. Recently the Soviet distributing agency took to returning copies by the bale, and sale of the magazine was limited to the Moscow area only. As a result of such interference, the actual circulation of the magazine fell to thirteen thousand.

Now the U. S. State Department has decided that publication of *Amerika* will be stopped entirely. In making its announcement, the State Department said that the magazine's circulation no longer justified the cost of publication, which is reported to have been around $220,000 a year. Of this amount about $100,000 was received from sales inside Russia, and the balance was paid for with U. S. funds. At the same time, State Department officials have also announced that as a measure of retribution the U.S.S.R. has been ordered to cease publication in the U. S. of its *Information Bulletin*, as well as of other miscellaneous pamphlets and periodicals, none of which has ever been able to make much impression here.

At first glance, the State Department decision seems eminently justified. The Russian policy of constant, nagging harassment is a particularly galling one. To the embattled officials who have to deal with the Russians day-in and day-out, this probably looked like a good chance to express our active displeasure with Soviet tactics. But despite its surface attractions, the wisdom of the State Department decision is open to serious question.

It is argued that retaliation in kind is the only language the Russians understand. But although international tit for tat may often be a good technique for dealing with the Soviet Union, it is not a good policy in each and every case. If it is to succeed, the Russians must be as interested in what they stand to lose on their side of the fence as we are on ours. But when it comes to repressing the free flow of ideas, the United States stands to lose infinitely more from a policy of suppression than the Soviet Union.

The United States has always stood for liberty, independent courts, respect for the individual, and freedom of ideas and information. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, engages in extermination of the opposition, forced labor camps, mock public trials, and suppression of unwelcome ideas. Obviously the Russians cannot believe in or benefit from the free flow of ideas. The United States can, and this fact has always been a most telling argument on behalf of our cause. To throw away that advantage is folly.

If one considers the issues at stake, the cost of *Amerika* to the taxpayer was infinitesimal. It may be taken for granted that the Russians will always follow a policy of maximum harassment and annoyance. But we should never imagine that in the war of ideas victory has been won by abandoning any battleground, nor that anything has been gained by imitating the Soviet policy of suppression.

UNION GOALS AND UNION MEMBERS

ONE thing the steel strike did was to focus attention on the issue of the union shop, in a way that few other strikes have ever done before. And in the course of the public debate over the strike, it has become increasingly obvious that many people conceive of labor unions as autonomous organizations whose leaders have aims which are not shared by the workers themselves. Businessmen in particular seem to believe that if the workers had a chance to express their views freely, they would repudiate the union shop and with it all the Philip Murrays, the William Greens and John L. Lewises who head the American labor movement.

Such attitudes among industrialists undoubtedly have strong emotional underpinning, and they have a way of persisting despite abundant evidence to the contrary. This evidence does exist, however. When the Taft-Hartley law called for elections by secret ballot on the union shop issue, for instance, many executives thought the death knell had been sounded for this form of union security. But over a four year period some forty-five thousand elections were held, and in approximately ninety-seven per cent of them the workers approved the union shop.

In the case of the Steelworkers themselves, comparable evidence is available. The steel industry employs over six hundred thousand workers, more than ninety per cent of whom belong to the union.

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When the last contract between the union and the steel companies went into effect, an "escape clause" provided all union members with the opportunity to cancel their membership if they wanted to do so. Yet in the face of this opportunity, less than one dozen members chose to drop out of the union.

It is true that myths have a way of dying hard. But in the face of facts like these, it is hard to take very seriously the perennial claim that the rank-and-file worker is really not in sympathy with the activities of the union.

"ERRANT" MODERN ART

A RECENT pronouncement of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office is the kind which causes wide and conflicting comment. Reaffirming that ". . . . sacred art possesses its own ends from which it can never diverge, and its proper function which it can never desert," the Congregation condemns "corrupt and errant forms of sacred art" which "have found their way into our churches." In particular, it instructs Bishops to resist certain tendencies in modern art which, by producing works "deformed or grotesque or hideous," pervert religious art's basic purpose.

Despite the Congregation's avowal that such is not its intention, there will undoubtedly be some who will read its pronouncement as an implied rebuke to the spirit of modern art, and a consequent criticism of "modern" Catholic artists. Some conservatively inclined Catholics may welcome this as a deserved setback for the "reformers" and a vindication of their own hostility to the unfamiliar. Other Catholics, anxious to appropriate what they consider the vital movements of their age, and thus to create a religious art which "can speak to modern man," may regret the statement as too backward-looking in its emphasis.

Such interpretations would be almost equally unfortunate and mistaken. But they may result from the inevitable differences of temperament, and the consequent differences of emphasis, among Catholics. There is a type of Catholic, for example, who has a passionate attachment to authoritative pronouncements for their own sake. (It was said of the great nineteenth century exponent of extreme ultramontanism, William George Ward, that nothing would have delighted him more than to receive each morning at breakfast, along with his *Times*, an infallible Papal directive.) There are other Catholics who, while admitting, of course, the right of the Church to bind them by authoritative pronouncements, yet hope that such pronouncements will remain few —and uncontroversial. The former tend to distrust the modern, and the latter to embrace it.

The aim of the Church in her directives is to preserve the Catholic spirit, the "Catholic center," against either extreme. Such, we believe, is the spirit of the Holy Office's latest instructions on sacred art. The Congregation's statement contains some strictures on aberrations in an ultra-modern religious art, but it also warns against allowing "second-rate and stereotyped statues and images to be multiplied." It thus constitutes a criticism of commercial and second-rate traditional, as well as a warning against "errant" modern, art. It is not therefore a condemnation of any particular age or school, but rather a reminder of the specifically spiritual considerations which define the nature of sacred art, and demand that, whatever the age or school in which it is practiced, its own unique vocation be remembered.

"Art has no rights against God," Maritain once wrote, and this is true whether the art be renaissance or modern. Neither a too fleshly Rubens nor an overly abstract Picasso could fulfil the Church's requirements for an art to be used in God's service, an art which communicates through symbol something universal concerning eternal truth. But to reprove an exaggeration is not to reprove a method; it is, rather, to recall the method to its proper goal by eliminating from it those elements which pervert it. By rebuking a type of modern art in churches which must fail as *sacred* art, the Holy Office may have made it more likely than before that a vital art in harmony with both the Church's traditions and the best of the modern spirit may mature. The achievement of an artist like Rouault, or the work of the non-Catholic Matisse at Vence, gives sure evidence of the possibility of this.

Considering the general situation of religious art in the United States, it seems likely that the condemnations of "errant" modern art were not directed here. The situation in this country is not noteworthy for its receptivity to experiment. And so, American Catholics might take more to heart those passages in the Congregation's instructions which deplore "second-rate and stereotyped" religious art than those warning against an excessive modernism of which there seems little evidence in this country.

The use of such a directive as an occasion for some partisan debate on "modern" vs. "traditional" religious art should especially be avoided. The Church does not involve itself in such questions. Its concern is not with artistic methods, but with purifying these methods to render them fit for sacred use. The Church, through the instructions of the Holy Office, has defined what types of modern art are improper for religious service. The task of creating a new Christian art should continue, and be made easier because of this definition.

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The Impact of America

"WHEN PEOPLE ABROAD WONDER ABOUT UNITED STATES POLICY AND INTENTIONS, THEY ARE SIMPLY EVINCING A DEEP CONCERN FOR THEIR OWN FATE"

CHARLES MALIK

THOSE of us who face the future—those of us who have a future to face—must resign ourselves to wrestling with great issues all our lives. The rising East, the Slavic world, Marxist Communism, the mighty social ferment, and the ordeals of Europe, are tremendous questions which—so far as we can now pierce the unknown—we are going to live with for a very long time to come. We are all plunged into a world not of our own choosing, in which our existence is riddled through and through by these issues. And he who today seeks escape from the East, or from Russia, or from Europe, or from the din of the masses, into some kind of a placid and protected existence outside this world of danger and trouble, is literally seeking the impossible.

There is another issue that is just as great as these. In fact, there are some who consider it even greater. That is the issue of America: her destiny and her meaning to the rest of the world.

When people abroad wonder about United States policy and intentions, when they inquire into how the mind of America is likely to develop, they are simply evincing a deep concern for their own fate. In one important sense, there are no more independent fates: we all sink or swim together.

America means freedom: no arbitrary compulsion from outside, the autonomous determination of idea and act from within. This is a great message, particularly since there is a real contest between freedom and slavery throughout the world, and because in many instances the frontiers of freedom, both geographical and intellectual, have had to recede. For years to come, the gospel of free self-determination will be one of the most potent weapons in the war of ideas, and nothing looms so clearly and decisively on the horizon of statesmanship as the sincere attempt at helping to liberate peoples and cultures from Communist bondage.

But freedom is not the end of human life. After a man becomes free, the question remains: what should he strive after, what and whom can he believe, what may he hope for, what must he be? For it is possible to be "free" and yet to miss the end of life altogether.

The crying need therefore is for a deeper, a more grounded and more responsible, elaboration of the content of the free life. One must be honest with the enslaved peoples—whether enslaved politically or spiritually—in telling them that freedom is not the end but the beginning of a life of effort and development whose general character can nevertheless be traced in advance. Freedom is the immediate goal, but the distant lure is nothing short of the full realization of all that properly belongs to man.

AMERICA means independence: that people need not be ruled by aliens, that diverse cultures can develop each according to its own inner genius. This is a great message, instilling hope and self-confidence in the heart of the weak and helpless, especially at a time when mighty new forces, both material and spiritual, are threatening the independence of peoples from every side.

But, first of all, independence may not mean peace, unless to start with, it is founded upon principles of peace; for the independent units may either fall out with one another or combine against the rest of the world. Secondly, what if certain peoples or cultures cannot be really independent? Thirdly, in our amazingly contracted world the need is as much for a declaration of interdependence as for one of independence. And fourthly, people crave as much for fellowship as for being alone, and the urge toward community and love is no less real and good than any impulse to individualism.

Because there has been some misunderstanding abroad of the content of American independence, it seems necessary to elucidate precisely how an act of independence in the eighteenth century was radically different from a similar act in the twentieth, and to make it as clear as possible that political independence is one thing, and independence in the realm of culture and spirit is entirely another. So long as there is objective, given, cumulative truth, we cannot be spirit-

Mr. Malik is the Minister of Lebanon in the U. S. and chairman of the UN Human Rights Commission. This article is adapted from a commencement address which he recently delivered at the University of Notre Dame.

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ually independent of one another. If oceans and poles can, for a time, physically separate America from the old world, the intellectual and spiritual roots of this land all go back to Europe and the Mediterranean. And the supreme question today is precisely to rediscover, reaffirm and re-establish this great spiritual community extending in time for thousands of years.

AMERICA means democracy: that the citizens of the commonwealth themselves elect and dismiss their own rulers, and that the laws have no respect for persons, precisely by respecting equally the inherent humanity of all persons. This is a great message, stressing as it does the dignity of the individual, affirming the primacy of the people, providing a mechanism for the avoidance of tyranny, bracketing all people under the beneficent protection of the law.

But even the most perfect design of government is but a formal structure within which men may seek fullness of being. Nor is it certain that if the entire world were democratized, wars would cease. What if two peoples, each fully democratic in its form of government, keep on fundamentally hating each other or coveting each other's goods? Democracy is a great thing, but it is neither the only nor the greatest thing for which man hungers. And there are peoples who, preferring to develop other values than the political, are not much bothered by who rules them, provided they are sufficiently cared for, loved, protected.

America can be justly proud of what its democracy has been able to achieve. The rest of the world, however, thirsts for something infinitely deeper than freedom, democracy and independence; and when it inquires into the American message, it wonders how America is going to blossom in these deeper things.

America means technology: the reasoned exploitation of the resources of nature for the benefit of man. This is indeed a great contribution, considering the millions and millions of people throughout the world who are helpless before the forces of nature, and for whom a slight improvement in technique will mean a more abundant life.

But technology may be bought at a high price: the attenuation of the spirit. The inordinate concentration upon material and economic conditions inevitably leads to the blurring of the original sources of the spirit; sources that are utterly independent of all things material. A man who spends all his life exploring and controlling nature may end by thinking of other human beings as things to be controlled. Nor is a technologically perfect world necessarily a good one; for it may still be full of hatred and fear and lust.

In the positive American tradition there are deeper things than technology. There are adventure and self-confidence; there is the zest of discovery and the joy of creation; there is mutual helpfulness and self-giving; there is an implicit trust in reason and discussion; and there is a committing of oneself to the Providence of God. It is these things that made technology possible in the first place. If I were an American, I would be justly proud of the infinite techniques that my civilization has created, but I would nevertheless seek first to understand and love the original creative spirit itself, in its joy and in its unity.

AMERICA means action: a premium upon practical objective realization, the passage of idea into fact. This is a wonderful message, considering how much there is still to be done for the betterment of man's lot, and considering that whole cultures have been arrested precisely because either they could not discriminate between fantasy and fact or because their ideas remained eternal abstraction. Boldness to decide, to act, to bring deliberation to an end—nothing can be more wonderful than this.

But it is evident that action itself must have an end. Nor can we pass restlessly from action to action if we are to remain human. Action pursued for its own sake leads inevitably to the worship of power; and power corrupts. Thus where and how to rest—that is the question. The old world stands to learn infinitely from the active American life; but now and then it asks itself the question: where does it all lead to?

The real justification is not action, nor the accumulation of material things, but the creation of supreme human character made perfect through suffering; and such character—mellowed, wise, deep, understanding, loving—is impossible without rest in truth and God. Nothing is more needful than to balance action by thought and wisdom, movement by being and by the pause that scans the eternal.

Freedom, independence, democracy, technology, action—these things belong to the wisdom of America; a real and positive wisdom. The rest of the world must understand that this is part of the total meaning hailing them from this side. It is a much-needed tonic, a fresh breeze of hope.

These things would have had a freer course of development if America had not had to come out into the world. As America assumes greater and greater responsibilities and becomes more and more entangled abroad, it is inevitable that her values will be pondered, weighed, questioned. She will find herself limited by other valuations and other points of view. Asia, Africa, the Middle East, the Slavic world, Europe, Latin America—all these cultures also have their own words to utter. And the great question for America is how to listen to all these words, how to merge cooperatively and harmoniously with all these cultures, without either losing heart or compromising her own soul.

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After the Tumult and the Shouting

I FIND it hard to make much sense of the Republican Convention—to confer meaning on what my eyes have seen and my ears heard. So many of the things one was led to expect from it failed to emerge. President Truman was as wise as the Eisenhower forces to raise no protest against letting General MacArthur speak. Had he not spoken, there would have remained the myth that the General had something to say, that his words would have run like flame through delegates' minds and hearts, that, indeed, the quality of his ideas would have been so electric as to remove, at once, all other candidates from consideration. The myth would have persisted that this allegedly great leader would have captured the nomination, as did William Jennings Bryan, with a single speech.

But MacArthur did speak. And it was quickly revealed that here was a splenetic old man who had nothing to say. He stood wholly destitute of ideas, of any even elementary understanding of the world about him. The myth forever died; he left on the convention no impress, no single brilliant word, no phrase which will be remembered. No one was moved by his speech; ten delegates voted for him. All that was left for him was pathos and a feeble pity. He had, at last, faded away.

What can one make of the stunning triumph of Dwight Eisenhower? The significant difference between him and MacArthur is that Eisenhower admits to political innocence, to the absence of ideas, to a lack of knowledge about the practices and the ways of our government; in the one case there is chiefly arrogance and spleen, in the other humility and gentleness. In the one case leadership is defined, imperiously, as absolute command; in the other as friendliness, cooperation, a leaning on others designated as experts, a coordination of talents.

But, among other things, it had been supposed that Dwight Eisenhower was a political general. It had somehow been taken for granted that he was aware of the history of which he was a part, of much, indeed, that he helped to mold. It had not been claimed for him that he had any special knowledge of the East, but that he knew a great deal of Western Europe, where he was the shining, living symbol of unity.

But he now stands revealed as a man whose lack of knowledge both of Europe and the United States is actually appalling. Were he today to be elected to the Presidency, one would be hard put to it to find a President less knowledgeably equipped than he. I do not say he cannot learn. But so far he reminds me of Admiral Dewey, who thought anybody could run for the Presidency; so far he appears to be an amiable gentleman who desires to live in the White House. He revealed in a press conference that he did not know the terms of the Yalta agreement. Many members of his party who do not admit it, do not know them either—but they have not been nominated. His judgment on France, which owed so much to his interest in her and sympathy for her, is grossly childish. He is badly, even sadly, in need of political education. He has at present no claim on our national leadership which I, for one, can respect.

IF one considers his rivals for the Republican nomination, the choice of Eisenhower is, of course, a matter for elation. For had he lost the nomination, there can be no doubt, it seems to me, that the meaning and value to us of the Republican party would be greatly diminished. Indeed the Republican party might well have lost all meaning whatsoever.

The fact of the matter is that what Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal represented was a shift from the power of business to the power of government. With that shift, and its rectification of certain social and economic evils, those who have been in charge of the Republican party have had little to do. They have been largely opposed to the change. Presumably one of the sharp differences between Senator Taft and Governor Dewey was the Taft contention that Dewey was too close to New Deal ideas. Those who were in charge of the Republican party have been talking for almost twenty years about something they called "socialism." They have not been running political campaigns, they have not been on the market for power, they have been "saving America." The erstwhile head of the Republican National Committee has seen all issues as a single issue: "Liberty versus Socialism." Obviously, to a people cognizant of the need as well as the meaning of the Roosevelt revolution this issue has been seen as sheer nonsense.

The views of those who were in charge of the Republican party on foreign policy were summed up by Herbert Hoover, Douglas MacArthur, and Senator Taft himself. Indeed, the Vice-Presidential candidate, Senator Nixon, among other things, voted against the Korean aid bill in 1950, and voted, in 1951, in favor of limiting General Eisenhower's U. S. troops in Europe to four divisions. Those in charge of the Republican party have gone so far as not only to speak of "Truman's War," but to charge that the Democratic party was "a party of war." Those in charge of the Republican party in-

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vited Douglas MacArthur to speak at the convention, invited Herbert Hoover, invited Senator McCarthy.

From all this Dwight Eisenhower has been free. Whether he stays free from it, or not, only he can determine. But, assuming his quick political education, he has power, as did no other significant candidate for the nomination (Governor Warren was not taken seriously at this convention) to turn the Republican party into a progressive, and therefore, if you will, into a real conservative party, and thus give to millions of American voters a choice between two political parties of somewhat equal meaning.

YET certain questions arise. Up until the time of his nomination it was not clear why Mr. Eisenhower wanted to be President. Given the Abilene speech, it would seem that he was in favor of youth, peace, prosperity, God, home and mother. Virtue should triumph over evil and every state should be like Kansas in 1910.

But now he discloses to his fellow-Republicans that he has been summoned "to lead a crusade." I do not believe in crusades for many reasons, the simplest being that I usually do not understand them. But apparently Mr. Eisenhower does. In this case he is going to lead a crusade "for freedom in America and freedom in the world." One aim of this crusade is "to sweep from office" the present administration. At this point I get lost. I can understand a political party working to get power by defeating the Democrats. But how this natural ambition and desire get mixed up with "dedication" eludes me. Surely Eisenhower cannot expect one to take him seriously when he crusades for "freedom in America." Are we to suppose that there is not freedom in America? If freedom does not exist here, what are the limitations upon it and who put them there? Senator Nixon, Eisenhower's political companion, is co-author of the Mundt-Nixon Bill. There are many politically alert people who regard that bill as an infringement on freedom. Senator Nixon voted for the McCarran Immigration Law. There are all kinds of intelligent and decent men who regard that law as inhumane, as a limitation upon human freedom.

I think the Republican presidential nominee is going to have to get a lot more specific than that. No one has ever proved to me that the Truman Administration is a foe of "freedom in the world." If General Eisenhower thought so, he had no business getting back into uniform as head of NATO.

I think that Eisenhower is an earnest, sincere, decent and incorruptible man. I think that he has established a great and lasting reputation as a leader of men. That he has established his qualifications for the Presidency of the United States seems to me a thing yet to be demonstrated.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

FROM FRANCE

On the Road to Chartres

THE true countenance of French youth is not to be found among those who haunt the cafes and bars of Saint-Germain des Près night and day. Rather it is to be sought in the shabby attics of the Latin Quarter where students are feverishly preparing for their examinations. Serious, manly, poor, French youth as it really is can also to be sought out in the workshops, professional schools and time-honored villages. Another place to encounter it, as I recently did, is along the ancient road which leads from Notre Dame de Paris to Notre Dame de Chartres.

As I write these lines I still feel weary from the miles I trudged, and my ears still ring with the gentle monotony of the prayers recited along the way. For three days we marched, packs on our backs and in small groups, abandoning the national highway to the Sunday drivers and following those well-worn roads of Beauce which have been traversed by so many illustrious pilgrims of the Virgin of Chartres: Philip Augustus and Saint Louis, John the Good and Francis I, Henry IV and Louis XIV, and, in our own time, Péguy, Huysmans, Claudel and so many others.

WHEN this pilgrimage took place for the first time in 1935, it consisted of fifteen persons; this year it numbered eight thousand. In the minds of many, such growth is ample reason to hail it as one of the most significant and palpable signs of the sure, steady and deep-seated Christian revival now taking place in France.

Although others played a part in the origin of this movement toward Chartres, its great impetus derived from one man: Charles Péguy. This headstrong normal-school student, whose mother repaired broken chairs, this modern Aeschylus, a prophet in our own time, one day in 1912 set out on foot from his office on the *rue de la Sorbonne* where he was publishing the celebrated *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. For two years grace had been quietly at work in his heart. Without rejecting any of his utopian or Dreyfusard socialism, he had come little by little to believe that only Christianity could explain man and his destiny, that it alone was able to provide the modern world with hope for the future.

This is the way he described his pilgrimage to his friend, Joseph Lotte: "I have greatly changed during

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the last two years. I am a new man. I have suffered and prayed so much. You cannot know how much. If you lived near me, you would know all, but when we see each other once or twice a year. . . . I cannot explain it to you. I live without the sacraments. It sounds wildly impossible. But I possess treasures of grace, an inconceivable superabundance of grace. I obey its commands. I must never resist.

"My little Peter was ill. . . . I had to offer prayers for him. I made a pilgrimage to Chartres. I am a native of Beauce; Chartres is my cathedral. I did not go by train. On foot I made the ninety miles in three days. Ah, my friend the Crusades were easy. Obviously you and I would have been the first to leave for Jerusalem and we would have died on the way. To die in a ditch is nothing. Truly I am aware that it is nothing. We do something much more difficult.

"The spire of Chartres was visible on the plain at a distance of ten miles; it disappeared from time to time behind a rise of ground or a row of trees. Once I had seen it I was in ecstasy. I no longer felt anything, my fatigue, my aching feet. All my uncleanness fell away at once. I was another man.

"I prayed in the cathedral for an hour on Saturday evening. I prayed for an hour Sunday morning before the High Mass. I did not stay for the Mass; I was afraid of the crowds. I prayed as I had never prayed before. I even prayed for my enemies, something I had never done. . . . My boy was spared; I have placed all three of us under the special patronage of Our Lady."

This text and the magnificent prayers which Péguy later composed—Presentation of Beauce to Our Lady of Chartres, Prayer for the Home, Prayer of Petition, Prayer of Confidence—have become favorite texts for many thousands of young French Catholics. They have kindled love for the admirable cathedral, with its incomparable stained glass, its statuary and "the only spire in the world."

WHEN our turn came to follow the lead of Péguy, we marched through the countryside in little groups of five or six, along dusty paths and under a burning sun. The pace was slow, for many pilgrims were not accustomed to such journeys. But a leisurely pace is conducive to meditation. We took little notice of the charming landscape of the first day—the rolling countryside with its fields of green wheat, the ponds lined with willows and poplars where ducks were splashing.

We were meditating on all the phrases of the prayer which Christ has taught us, "Our Father, Who art in Heaven. . . ." It is astonishing what riches can be discovered in those few words when you take the pains to go over and over them and when several people meditate on them together. After three-quarters of an hour there was silence; then we said the Rosary in unison. When the hourly halt came, sacks slipped to the ground, and we stretched out on the grass.

During the rest period, the chaplain continued to provide us with material for our meditations. Unbelievers who had joined the pilgrimage in order "to see" raised questions. Then we were once more on the march. There were no cigarettes—a sacrifice demanded of all for these three days. We passed through charming, tiny villages with their red cherry trees, their rosebushes in bloom and their old houses with thatched roofs.

Hardly thirty miles from Paris, we were right back in the nineteenth century; old peasant women garbed in black appeared in their doorways and crossed themselves. They were in tears; it was so long since they had seen so many young people giving such testimony of their faith.

That evening we recited Compline in a former stone quarry now grown over with grass. Led by six white-clad Religious, we launched the ancient Latin formulas into a night filled with echoes: "*Converte nos, Deus salutaris noster*"; "*Et averte iram tuam a nobis.*" Then we moved on, in silence, and finally reached the village where we were to spend the night; we dispersed after a final prayer in common.

The next day was Sunday. It was much the same except that nearly the whole morning was taken up by a solemn Mass offered in the park of the chateau of Esclimont, which belonged to La Rochefoucauld. Around the high altar were thirty lesser altars at which the chaplains of the various groups were to offer Mass concurrently. Young men and young women knelt in prayer on the grass. Priests heard confessions here and there without special ceremony under the almond trees. Father Daniélou preached the sermon.

WE reached Chartres on Monday morning. Our feet hurt, our legs were stiff as wood, and many had to hand over their packs to companions who were more robust. Yet I saw a number of young men and young women walking the last five kilometers barefoot on the macadam of the national highway.

The High Mass was something I shall never forget. To see that flood of humanity spread throughout the vast nave, to hear the *Veni Creator Spiritus* issue from thousands of breasts, to witness the unending Communions and that procession into the underground crypt where, group by group, the students came to announce their intentions to the black Virgin, was to realize that the golden thread of the French Christian tradition was visibly being renewed.

The intentions of the pilgrims went like this: "Peace in Korea; two comrades who are unbelievers; the people of Berlin; the wealthy; the prisoners in every coun-

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try; the displaced persons." I should have liked to take down all those admirable prayers which arose in that long crypt to which all pilgrims to Chartres have been descending for the past nine hundred years.

The results of this pilgrimage are as intangible as the work of grace in the individual soul. But the lukewarm did return to the practice of their religion, because at the end of that pilgrim's road all human respect had been abandoned and everyone had become as a little child before God. A number of unbelievers obtained the gift of faith or become less insensible to Christian beliefs.

From an authentic source I heard the story of an extremely anti-Catholic (and anti-papal) German dignitary whom a friend happened to bring to Chartres at the time of this pilgrimage. They entered the cathedral during the High Mass. By the end of the Mass the German was on his knees, weeping profusely. The next day he remained in his hotel room and broke off all the engagements he had made, he was so deeply moved. As one man wrote of this pilgrimage:

Here is the massive pillar and the mounting vault,
Forgetfulness of yesterday and of tomorrow;
The vanity of all human calculations,
And not only sin, but even wisdom put to flight.

Here is one place in the world where everything becomes easy. . . .

ROBERT BARRAT.

THE SCREEN

CARRIE ME BACK TO OLD COCTEAU

ENTHUSIASTS about *Sister Carrie,* Theodore Dreiser's first (and sometimes considered best) novel, which appeared in 1900, won't be too disappointed with the film version. Called "Carrie" (probably because its makers wouldn't want anyone to think it was about a nun) the movie follows the story line of the book rather closely. Ruth and Augustus Goetz (who did so well in turning *Washington Square* into "The Heiress") have handled this crowded and difficult plot admirably; and while their script has lost many of Dreiser's naturalistic comments, it has caught the spirit of this tale about a group of people whose conduct was ill-considered and immoral.

My main quarrel with "Carrie" is that its story is as dated as a stale traveling-salesman joke and one becomes impatient with it. On the train to Chicago, where she is eagerly going to seek her fortune late in the 1800s, the naive country girl is picked up by a smart-alecky salesman. Later, when she loses her job through no fault of her own, this good-time Charlie befriends her and lets her share his apartment. Too readily, Carrie follows the easy way. And later, when she falls in love with Hurstwood, a married man who is the manager of a fashionable restaurant, she doesn't need too much persuasion to run away with him to New York. Out of fairness to Carrie, however, it must be admitted that Hurstwood, who is desperately in love with her and whose wife will not give him a divorce, tricks Carrie into going with him and never does tell her of the money he stole from his boss.

What saves "Carrie" as a movie and, in my estimation, what makes Dreiser's original novel most interesting, is that it becomes the story of Hurstwood, a man who loved not wisely but too well and who sinks to the depths of degradation. After he and Carrie are separated, she rises as an actress and he becomes a flophouse bum. Laurence Olivier plays the role of Hurstwood to the hilt—giving it the full bon-ton classy treatment during the Chicago scenes, and the sunken man-going-to-the-dogs-in-spite-of-himself style in the unhappy New York episodes.

William Wyler, who gave "Carrie" its handsome production with effective turn-of-the-century sets and costumes, also gave the picture its good direction. Although Jennifer Jones makes Carrie more thoughtful than Dreiser intended, her looks are perfect for the role. The fresh, apple-cheeked country girl convincingly becomes the drab New York mistress of Hurstwood and then the radiant success on the stage. As the salesman who starts Carrie on the road to ruin, Eddie Albert does the most realistic portrait of his career and should win a supporting-role Oscar. It is not entirely Miriam Hopkins' fault that she plays Mrs. Hurstwood with a mean viciousness that is almost unbelievable. I suspect Wyler and his scriptwriters were trying to justify Hurstwood—but this is a lost cause. As a period piece and as a study in characterization, you may find "Carrie" interesting; but as a moving drama with universal appeal, this film has little to offer.

AS different as day from night are the sinners in "Carrie" from those in "The Strange Ones," a French film now being shown in this country with excellent English titles by Herman Weinberg. Stemming from Jean Cocteau's novel, *Les Enfants Terribles,* this picture's story belongs to the neo-romantic school of some thirty years ago when youngsters went to the dogs elegantly, bathed in an unhealthy aura from Proust and Gide. What distinguishes this particular French film is not the story itself (which is unusual enough in its themes about a brother and sister who are so close that no other person can really separate them) but rather the brilliant manner in which it is told. Producer-director Jean-Pierre Melville, who worked with Coc-

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teau on the adaptation, uses the motion picture camera with stunning effect to reveal characterization. And almost equally effective are the music (with Vivaldi's "Concerto in A Minor for Strings" and Bach's "Concerto for Four Pianos") and the commentary spoken by Cocteau, who serves as a sort of Greek Chorus with undertones of modern psychology, sometimes describing, sometimes pointing out the eccentricities of this brother-sister relationship.

We know from the beginning that they are doomed. On the mirror in the bedroom where they both sleep are scrawled the words: "Suicide is a mortal sin." Perhaps there is no chance for them. The brother (played by Edouard Dermithe) has tuberculosis, and when he is hit during a snowball fight by a schoolmate with whom he is infatuated, he is confined to bed and nursed by his sister (Nicole Stephane) who fights with him, although she really loves him and mothers him. After the death of their sickly mother, they are alone, and their attempts to let others join their twosome (with their private games and jokes and flights of fancy) prove the beginning of the end. The sister marries; and when her husband is killed in an automobile accident, she becomes a wealthy widow. Her brother and another young man and woman move into her elaborate house which soon acquires the same air of decadence that their former house had. And when the brother falls in love and wants to marry, the sister ruins everything and sets the stage for the tragic ending.

Obviously "The Strange Ones" is for a selected and limited audience, one which respects cinema for what it can do and which can take this extraordinary exercise in decadence for what it is. Even more than "Carrie," which only presents its characters, "The Strange Ones" editorializes. Its beauty can lead only to death. But as a film "The Strange Ones" is as provocative as any to come out of France in years—for what it says and for what it doesn't say.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

BALDANZI'S LEAP

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: After two weeks of indecision I've finally concluded that some comment should be made on John Cort's article "Baldanzi Leaps Over the Wall." Certainly I have no quarrel with Mr. Cort, whom I esteem personally and as a writer. It is understandable that he should have fallen into errors in describing a convention he did not attend.

Mr. Cort maintains that Emil Rieve, general president of TWUA, gave his rival, George Baldanzi, "no chance to answer back and sway the delegates (to the Cleveland convention) with his fine talk." I am happy to say, and I know Mr. Cort will be happy to learn, that this simply isn't so.

It is true that no time was set aside for a formal debate between the rivals. There was no need for it. In contrast to the circumstances two years earlier, the Rieve-Baldanzi issue had been debated in local unions and joint boards throughout the country for more than a year. The rival camps had flooded the membership with literature. Actually the decision had been made, before the convention, by the members themselves, since a high proportion of the delegates had been elected on the basis of their political loyalties, and were instructed to support one side or the other.

But the lack of a formal political debate as such did not preclude debate on the issues. There was extensive debate, for example, on the reports of the rules and credentials committees. The record shows that twenty-three pro-Baldanzi delegates spoke, compared to seventeen pro-Rieve delegates.

Mr. Cort makes reference to a five-minute rule being "clamped on." It's true that the TWUA convention has such a rule; neither Baldanzi nor any of his backers objected to it. How else can a convention of two thousand delegates transact business? It is not true that "much of the five minutes" was lost to Baldanzi by the "howling of his opponents"; time thus taken up was scrupulously added to the allotment of all speakers.

Actually, the five-minute rule was invoked only twice. Once the microphone was cut off during a harangue by a pro-Rieve speaker. The second time a Baldanzi supporter, making what was supposed to be a nominating speech, was silenced after seventeen minutes.

Baldanzi was denied the floor only once—when, in violation of convention rules and of all previous practice, he sought to make an "acceptance speech" following his nomination. But the most significant point is what happened when, early in the convention, the Committee on Officers' Reports submitted its findings. This report is primarily an accounting by the officers, to the convention, of their stewardship over the last two years. It embraces every aspect of the union's operation—organizing, administration, etc. Here was an opportunity for Baldanzi to make a real challenge if he chose; hardly a subject could be ruled out of order under this heading.

Baldanzi knew in advance what the officers' report contained; he knew in advance that the committee would approve the report. Yet neither he nor any of his followers spoke up; the report was adopted unanimously by the convention.

I don't want to belabor the point. The Cleveland convention was raucous; emotions ran high; there was drama and excitement aplenty. But as a general thing the delegates on both sides held their feelings within

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reasonable bounds. There was no physical violence (though there were a couple of narrow escapes); parliamentary justice prevailed; and, without a doubt, the will of the majority was expressed. It was a stirring spectacle, and it's too bad Mr. Cort missed it.

I would also like to correct one other point in his article. The general president of TWUA has power to appoint joint board managers only when this power is conferred upon him by the joint boards themselves. A joint board is free to adopt bylaws providing for the election of a manager if it so desires.

Finally, it's a pleasure to report that Baldanzi's secession movement can lay claim, at this writing, to only about twenty thousand members, many of whom are expected to return to TWUA when the rank-and-file members get a chance to vote on the issue.

KENNETH FIESTER,
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR, TWUA.

THE HOPKINS REVIEW

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editors: The *Hopkins Review,* after five years of publication more successful from the literary than from the financial point of view, is now faced with the problem of survival. Its staff, contributors and friends believe it to have earned a place among the top college reviews of the country—a belief seconded by the high commendation it has had from writers of the caliber of Allen Tate, E. E. Cummings, Peter Viereck, Leo Spitzer, George Boas, Donald Davidson and John Holmes. Its future hinges on the help which may come to it in the next few weeks.

In a recent letter, the editor, Mr. Louis Rubin, wrote:

> "The *Review* performs two main functions. Through its literary criticism and its creative output, it helps give form to the study and enjoyment of modern literature. . . . Another and equally important function is its continued publication of the work of young, unknown writers, who are afforded an audience by having their work published in a first-rate magazine which also contains the work of well-known writers with established audiences and reputations. . . .
>
> "The *Review* welcomes studies of the modern writers; it has published studies of eminent twentieth century writers such as Proust, Joyce, Mann, Kafka, Lorca, Faulkner, Mencken, Burke, Yeats, Shapiro and Genet. But it has also welcomed studies of the great writers of the past; it has published studies of Shakespeare, Goethe, Turgenev, Stendahl, Sterne, Melville, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Milton, Emily Dickinson, Hawthorne and Poe.
>
> "The *Review* faces at present a serious financial crisis. . . . To continue publication it must call upon its friends and the friends of literature and the arts. . . . At a time when mass communications media and scientific and technological prowess are vastly admired, it would seem important that a magazine which speaks for the humanities, for a literature of the individual, be given the wherewithal to keep alive."

Any help in the form of contributions or subscriptions which the readers of The Commonweal may be interested in sending, should be addressed to: Mr. Louis Rubin, *Hopkins Review,* Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. Checks should be made payable to: The Johns Hopkins University for the *Hopkins Review.*

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

OF NOTE

THE MEANING OF WORK

THE Pentecost issue of the *Catholic Art Quarterly,* official publication of the Catholic Art Association (6332 Magnolia Street, Chicago 40, Illinois), carries an article by Dorothy Donnelly which discusses a Christian Philosophy of Work. The following is an excerpt:

> The familiar black and bitter aspects of work result from the curse which came later. It is from this dark side that men suffer from those common elements of disproportion, meanness, burden, fatigue, failure, incompatibility, distaste, unsuitableness, uncontrollableness, triviality, monotony. And it is from the dark side of the mind that work comes to be valued as a commodity, that it comes to be commercialized, bartered, exploited, cheapened, the love of money corrupting it like a disintegrating rust.
>
> Work has come to be considered as any activity of saleable value—the use of muscle, wit, beauty, knowledge, talent, personality for money. And since the purpose of work is considered to be money, it is logical that success in work should be gauged quantitatively, that its value will be measured in proportion to number—of people reached, of objects sold, of pounds or miles or hours or laughs. The common measure is not how fine, but how much.
>
> Such a view of work is insufferably narrow. Work is everything that a man does, every act of his having human value.
>
> Each man's work is a detail involved in the beauty and the perfection of the whole; each man

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is a sun whose motion is involved in the total motion; each man's work is a facet of an entire landscape.

Even more than star differs from star does man differ from man. All work is at once personal and social and each man has in him something unique yet shareable which imparts a kind of personal color and shape to all that he does. He makes use of that secret, central, personal gift called the "talent" according to the demands of the moment and some inner directive impulse, and the configuration of the work is determined by the whole accumulated compound of all that he is as he moves within the given context of time, space and circumstance. . . .

As a man forgets himself in his work he becomes more fully himself. There seems to be a direct relation between the inward concentration which careful work demands and the liberation which results from the necessary going-out of the self. The concentration of a man deeply engaged in work is a feeble image of the contemplation of God by the mystic.

In his work a man grapples with and comes to terms with *things,* the sculptor with his stone, the astronomer with the stars, the diver with the weight of the sea, the fireman with the opposed forces of fire and water. When a man concentrates on his work his powers are expanded and fully utilized, like the hawk's as he moves through the high air on extended wings, or the seed's in its drive outward through the earth in greening spires of leaves. He is then in full act, like the salmon leaping with his total strength against the waterfall, or the saffron tiger tensely stalking the deer, or the water gathered together and concentrated into the thrust of the rising wave.

There is then no crevice of time available for the frivolous play of egotism. That is why human pettiness is so little observable in genuine works of art where concentration is a necessary condition.

If a man buries his talent he himself goes with it into the dark. For it is not simply preservation that is asked of us, it is increase and multiplication; it is riches, fruits, flowers, and precious stones, that are wanted. It seems that we are put here to spin straw into gold and that everyone is given at least one straw which can become, but only through his co-operative act, a strand of clear gold.

In imagination one can follow the great masses of workers in the history of the past, Egyptians, Chinese, Mayans moving along in the mysterious frieze, each man bowed under a burden like an ant carrying its enormous load, or a caryatid beneath its imposing weight of marble. Their work is necessary to the great pyramids, the Great Wall, the cliff-steep temples. There is from the beginning of the world an endless procession of workers carrying hammer or spade or sword or needle or pencil or scalpel or plow, moving in a kind of twilight of understanding, in the bewildering obscurity which constitutes their dark night. There are multitudes of them, nameless and countless to us as the stars. Yet though undiscernible to us, each has a face, each has a name, each has a talent, each has his own work which only he can do. The transmutation of the given daily activity can be accomplished only through an interior acquiescence for which each man is responsible.

That a real transformation through work is not merely an illusion is suggested quietly in the words: "Make much of the little thou hast" (Ecclesiasticus). "Little" obviously means anyone's little and includes any kind of work. Even the monotonous repetition of details—stringing beads, building fires, turning handles, slicing bread, hammering nails—through a gradual interior mutation can become in us pure gold. By the acceptance and utilization of the given, by the quality of respect for ones' possessions whether large or small, the weight and purity of the metal are determined. . . .

It is this fact of transformation through daily work that the artist has seen and caught in certain pictures, in Van Gogh's drawings of potato eaters and farmers with their hoes, or in the Dutch painting of a woman paring an apple. This picture is simply the expression of the artist's insight concerning the possible importance of the most elementary human act, his awareness that the simplest act has its effect in the world and so belongs to human history. Moreover, from the woman's face we see that she herself has somehow known this and has been dignified by the knowledge.

It is this vitality and importance of individual work which makes possible the serene direction: "Go about *thy own* business with a quiet mind." (Ecclesiasticus). It is in accord with the dignity of personality that everyone should have his own business. It is up to each man to discover what this is, to keep it instead of counterfeiting the business of someone else, and to recognize the unavoidable tensions which occur in all experience as part of the mechanics of growth. If it is monotonous he must discover the rhythm which will identify its meaning for him. It is a part of his freedom to find and to cope with his own work. He must love what he loves. (Van Gogh) He must discover in it his center of gravity and there take his stand and he will find himself established in a starry equilibrium.

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Rome Through Non-Catholic Eyes

THE PAPACY: A New Appraisal. By John B. McKnight. Rinehart. $5.

By JAMES M. O'NEILL

THIS book is good enough to impel regret that it is not considerably better.

Mr. McKnight writes as a Protestant: "I freely confess some anti-Catholic bias. I inherit the anti-Catholicism of my Presbyterian forebears. I share the historic American mistrust of Rome. . . ." However, he is clearly not in the Blanshard-Nichols-POAU tradition. This book contains no evidence of that deep joy in carefully preserved ignorance that characterizes Mr. Blanshard's two volumes, Professor Nichols' *Democracy and the Churches,* and the bulletins of POAU. Mr. McKnight is evidently sincere in his desire to be fair and accurate. He pays many compliments to the Church; he reports interesting and significant events; he balances the unhappy instances of Catholic intolerance with similar Protestant instances.

He recognizes that "a Catholic-Protestant controversy gravely threatens American unity. So it is that some understanding of the Catholic Church—her history, institutions, teachings, policies past and present, leaders—is essential to an understanding of our times." He observes that "this understanding of the Catholic Church is unfortunately not always to be gained from the writings of Catholics." This of course, is true, if the limiting word "always" is adequately noticed.

Mr. McKnight has, in my opinion, more successfully risen above his inherited anti-Catholic prejudices, whatever they are, than he has above the other limitation of the non-Catholic writers which he mentions. "The non-Catholic writer is open, too, to the charge that he lacks the intimate knowledge of the Roman Church that the Catholic possesses." Mr. McKnight demonstrates in many passages that he has not taken the time for the thorough going scholarship needed to compensate for this lack of knowledge. He writes: "Perhaps this is not entirely to his [the Protestant writer's] disadvantage. As Lytton Strachey said, 'Ignorance is the first requisite of the historian—ignorance, which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits, with a placid perfection unattainable by the highest art.' " But if ignorance is to give way to even competent, accurate reporting and exposition (which falls short of perfection) it must be overcome by more hard study than Mr. McKnight expended on a number of important topics which he discussed.

The Papacy exemplifies much of the writing about Catholicism by non-Catholics that is inaccurately dismissed by too many Catholics as the fruit of anti-Catholicism. Such an attitude is a grave error; it only makes matters worse. This writing is not the result of bigotry but of something much more complex. Admittedly it comes in part from inherited prejudices (which are found in all groups), and in part from unquestioned acceptance of old wives tales (an all too common weakness of Catholics as well). But these writers are not bigots; they hate no one. They are uninformed, misinformed, misguided discussers of matters they know little or nothing about. And they lack enough knowledge of, and respect for, the requirements of scholarship to do a workmanlike job. Their weakness is not bigotry; it is pretension to scholarship.

He Pulled All the Strings

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST: A Portrait in His Own Words. By Edmond D. Coblentz. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

By DONALD McDONALD

WHEN George Young, then publisher of William Randolph Hearst's newspaper the Los Angeles *Examiner,* suggested to "the Chief" that he should have a portrait painted, Hearst rejected the suggestion and said, among other things that if a portrait was a "good likeness," it was ordinarily a "bad picture."

Now a year after Hearst's death, Edmond Coblentz, for fifty years one of the higher officials in Hearst's vast newspaper empire, has composed from his chief's various public and private writings a portrait which he hopes will give "the human side of Mr. Hearst," but which seems more like the "bad picture and good likeness" dreaded by the boss when he was living.

The Hearstian self-portrait is not an unrelievedly bad picture. He had tremendous courage. In 1939, heavily in debt to banking creditors and at the mercy of Canadian newsprint suppliers, Hearst was subjected to constant pressure by financial advisers to soft-pedal his papers' anti-interventionist position in U. S. foreign affairs, a position cordially detested by the Canadians who had entered the war. He refused to accommodate his editorial opinions and finally won out. Whatever one may think of the wisdom of isolationism in 1939-40, one can only admire the fortitude displayed by one of its foremost exponents.

At another time, when the late George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, announced to the advertising managers of the New York dailies that all of them were expected to fight a punitive tax on advertising in the State, Hearst cabled his New York office: "Please tell Mr. Hill that our advertising space is for sale, but not our editorial columns."

But Hearst was, basically, not a great or deep thinker, despite his pretensions in the fields of economics, politics—both foreign and domestic—and social philosophy. Intellectual limitations in a publisher are not unprecedented, nor are they altogether disastrous if the publisher hires the right men to edit his newspapers and allows them to

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establish and sustain wise, constructive editorial policies.

However, it was common knowledge—and Coblentz confirms it in this book—that Hearst pulled all the strings in his sprawling newspaper chain. Nothing was done on the Hearst editorial pages from coast to coast which had not been permitted to happen by the publisher. And, frequently, the things that were done, editorials written, positions taken, were direct actions of Hearst himself.

Random illustrations of Hearst's limited vision:

"I personally believe," he wrote in May of 1936, "that Landon is what is called 'a man of destiny,' which means to my mind a man who understands public sentiment, public psychology and political situations, and who is consequently capable of succeeding in an astonishing manner."

Although he supported generally Roosevelt's recovery program, in April, 1935, he became alarmed: "The whole spirit of America is being corrupted by this plan of getting something for nothing, and the conclusion will be a dependent class insisting on being supported, an exhausted industrial class, and a thoroughly corrupt political system . . ."

Reports of Hearst's affection for animals were not exaggerated. At the conclusion of a long letter describing his relationship with his late female dog, he wrote: "I am placing over her little grave a stone with the inscription—'Here lies dearest Helen—my devoted friend.' "

With respect to his publishing policy, Hearst frequently sent fine-sounding instructions to his editors, but, included in a batch of orders in 1937 was this one: "Interest and entertain as many people as possible; offend as few as possible." It is significant that in none of his instructions here gathered for his portrait did Hearst every employ the term "truth," or "significant truth," when instructing his editors concerning their communication responsibilities. It was always "news," and in the absence of any positive definition of the word by the Chief, his editors, as a matter of logical practice, published "news" calculated to "interest and entertain as many people as possible." And we all know to what lower regions Heartslings have descended in pursuit of that objective.

On editorial writing: ". . . I do not believe that more than ten per cent of the readers of the average newspaper read the editorials. Now the fault is not with the readers. The fault is never with the readers. It is our business to give the readers what the readers will read . . ."

In a chapter entitled "Philosophy of Life," Coblentz includes this comment by Hearst: "There is no Utopia, and live people do not want Utopia. There is no Garden of Eden, and if there ever was one, I am sure that Adam and Eve were not driven out of it but left it and its boring idleness, its indolent contemplation of the 'trees and flowers,' for the keener enjoyment to be found in the active life of the world."

Men publish newspapers for a number of reasons: to communicate truths which other men need to know in order to live the good life; to communicate their own ideas and opinions; to savor the "active" and the competitive; or to make money. Hearst was not captured by the money motive, but, then, neither did he ever function on the top level.

Rediscovery of a Classic

EPITAPH OF A SMALL WINNER. By Machado de Assis. Translated by William L. Grossman. Noonday Press. $3.50.

By FRANK GETLEIN

THE first major work to appear in English of Brazil's greatest nineteenth century novelist was long in coming. The lapse of seventy-two years between publication and translation can only be explained by the historical accident of Anglo-American literary interest, which, when not concerned with its own native work, has turned primarily to Europe, with occasional exotic voyages to China, India and the ancient Greeks. One of the most fruitful additions to contemporary letters is the long series of new translations. The most striking monument in this series in recent years is beyond question the late Samuel Putnam's magnificent new *Don Quixote*. Quite possibly the present appearance of the *Epitaph of a Small Winner* is linked to Putnam's success.

Certainly Machado is to a considerable extent in the Cervantes tradition. The most immediate evidence of this is the first-person style. Cervantes never hesitates to draw conclusions and to argue them with the reader as they proceed together through the fantastic events of the narrative. Machado does the same, and does so with much the same wry humor. Two things are going forward at once: the story of the characters and their adventures, and the relating of that story, as it were, and our interest is requested as much for one as the other. This device obviously enjoins a certain detachment essential to the full enjoyment of both Cervantes and the Brazilian. We can make—indeed we cannot avoid making—identification with the various madnesses of the characters, but we never become so closely involved as to lose sight of the paramount fact that the whole proceeding is, after all, quite mad.

The "small winner" for whom the novel is the epitaph is one Braz Cubas, a wealthy citizen of Rio who lived from 1805 to 1869, a lifespan covering the liberation of Brazil and the several independent experiments in politics that make the history of the period exciting. It is a key to the nature of Braz, which in turn is a pretty fair reflection of the nature of man, that although he is a political writer by trade, a figure in the government from time to time and always the close associate of those who are experimenting in rule, the book almost ignores the revolutions and evolutions of the period. As a child, Braz took part in the celebration of Napoleon's fall, but on that occasion his consuming interest was in his own little sword, a gift from an uncle. He concludes, correctly, that most of us have our

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own little swords beside which the blade of an emperor seems unimportant.

When we first meet Braz he is an old man; in fact he is dead, but the first view the dead Braz gives us of his former self is as an old man a few weeks before his great change. At that time, at the end of the road, his life centers around a new discovery, a plaster able to eliminate melancholy in the human spirit. In his patent application, Braz stresses the "truly Christian purpose of the plaster" and to his friends he admits that he expects to make a fortune from his discovery, but "Now, however, I can confess everything: what influenced me most was the desire to see, printed in newspapers, on store signs, in pamphlets, on street corners, and on the little boxes containing the plasters, these four words: *The Braz Cubas Plaster*. Why deny it?"

Why deny it? is the leading question in the novel and Braz denies nothing, but coolly and skillfully dissects his former self, spread before us precisely like a patient etherized upon a table.

The life of Braz encompasses early wild oats, university education, a long melancholy torpor after the death of his mother, literature, politics, uplift and organized charity and above all a deep affair with the wife of a friend. In all these activities the ghost discerns the canker in the rose, the vanity of human endeavor, the amazing ability of mankind to lie and to come to believe the lie as truth.

The novel well deserves its established place in world literature and we cannot but thank Mr. Grossman for making it available to the English-speaking. Without Portuguese, it is impossible to judge the translation as translation, but one can say truthfully that Mr. Grossman presents a superb English version of a peculiarly Iberian attitude and style. On the other hand, one need not accept everything he says in the introduction; for instance, he sees, "only two alternatives: to reject Machado, or, with Machado, to reject the world." Braz now speaks from the advantage of death, but death has simply allowed him to speak; he says little that he did not recognize while alive. Likewise, Machado himself, filled with these perceptions, persisted until death in literature, in politics, in domestic life. One may easily share every Machadian insight and yet continue in the activities the insights "destroy," for reasons both aesthetic and practical.

The line drawings by Shari Frisch are all beautifully to the point: chaste and austere, amusing and mildly abstract, related as they are to both contemporary "line sculpture" and the typographical school of poster design.

A Voice Crying for Union

MAX JOSEF METZGER: Priest and Martyr. With a Selection from His Letters and Poems Written in Prison. By Lillian Stevenson. Macmillan. $2.

By JAMES F. KITTLESON

"WE need to organize peace as men have organized war." Max Josef Metzger, the German priest-founder of the *Una Sancta* movement for greater understanding and harmony between Christian religions, spoke those words at the Hague in 1928. This "Bruder Paulus," as he was known to those in the Community of Christ the King which he established, died for making assertions like that. He was killed by the Nazis in 1944 because of his work for Christian peace.

Dr. Metzger tasted of the rotten tragedy of war when he served as chaplain at the front from 1914 to 1915. He came away from his experience convinced that the only way to bring about peace was a return to a "fresh living-out of the Gospel." It was with this in mind that he founded, together with two other priests, the Community of Christ the King.

"When I felt called to the work," Bruder Paulus wrote from prison, "it was not from the desire to add one more to the countless religious

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communities already existing, nor the urge—no doubt always present—to create an instrument for the vast practical plans I had at heart. The actual cause of its foundation was a concern for the need of the Church of Christ and for the need of the world, both of which are so closely interwoven. The worldliness and legalism of the Church; the forsaking of the early Christian spirit of repentance, of the fellowship of service, of love; the self-righteousness of those called to leadership; the narrowness of method; the lack of a living and inspiring spirit; the unhappy divisions rooted in this; the whole matter of what was lacking in the Church seemed to require a campaign of renewal."

The *Una Sancta* movement which developed so naturally from Dr. Metzger's work in his Community has contributed much, the world over, towards breaking down artificial barriers between the Christian communions. In Dr. Metzger's mind the most important service he could render to the Church was in working for the union of all Christians in living the life of the children of God. While declaring his loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church and to the Holy Father, he also wrote in his "Last Will and Testament": "According to my firm belief, the above statement (reaffirming his Catholicism) is not endangered by the fact that I feel myself as closely united to my believing and conscientious Protestant brothers in Christ Jesus through Baptism and our common experience in the same Lord, as to the brethren with whom I share the fellowship of the Holy Sacrament."

In a letter to Pope Pius XII (it probably never reached him) which Dr. Metzger wrote from prison in 1943, he appealed: "If all Christendom had made a mighty united protest (before the first World War) could not the disaster have been prevented? But where is this 'Christendom'? It cannot make its voice heard effectually, nor can it have a decisive influence on world events and so fulfil the purpose of our Lord because it is not one. . . . Holy Father! The need of our day—and through it God is speaking to us—imperatively demands the utmost effort to heal the dismemberment of the Christian Church, to make Christ's kingdom of peace effectual throughout the world. . . ." This remarkable document presents a penetrating discussion of the theological differences and "spiritual attitudes" dividing Christian churches.

Max Josef Metzger, compiled and translated as a tribute to Dr. Metzger by a Protestant who knew him well, has the ring of authenticity about it. In his work, in his letters and poems written in the solitude of his prison confinement (mercifully he was spared the experience of a concentration camp), there is revealed a personality rising far above the fear and distrust of the muddled thinking of a Sugrue and the poison-dipped pen of a Blanshard to a love which can level mountains and straighten the road. In the United States today, when the tensions between Christians — Catholic and Protestant—seem to be tightening almost to a breaking point, it is well that this book about the founder of

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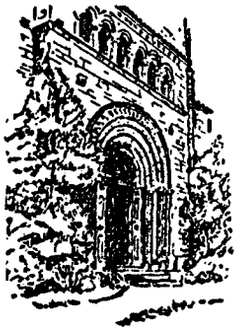

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Una Sancta should appear.

"Christ must reign as King," Bruder Paulus wrote, "first in His Church penetrated by His Spirit and brought into true unity; and then through the Church of Christ in the world which today lies under the Evil One because it has denied and despised the laws of Christ's Kingdom." To which we can only answer, "Amen!"

Dour Gaiety

LAXDALE HALL. By Eric Linklater. Harcourt. $3.50.

By CAROL H. WEISS

AMONG the inhabitants of the town of Laxdale are a lady who stages plays by Euripides, an undertaker with (faulty) second sight, a game warden who sells out to poachers to finance his dealings with a matrimonial agency, and a shepherd who looks like a Greek god and writes poetry for the *Scots Review*. Laxdale, with a total population of 324, is in the western Highlands of Scotland, and it is obviously as valiant a redoubt of rugged individualism as ever gladdened an anti-Socialist heart. It has scenery, too.

Only one road leads into the town, and that is in such execrable shape that the five car-owning Laxdalers have refused to pay motor taxes. Nevertheless, a crowd worthy of a Coney Island Sunday swarms in to get involved in the derring-do. Not the least of them is a millionaire Socialist member of parliament intent on transplanting all the happy inhabitants to a sanitary community of factories and juke boxes.

Mr. Linklater is not one to skimp on plot. In order to set up big production scenes, he hurls in one series of complications after another. And so deftly does he juggle them all that the fantastic proceedings speed along in apparently reasonable fashion. Only a skillful technician could take the ingredients of hash and serve them up as high-priced ragout.

But despite all the inventiveness and neatly packaged commotion, *Laxdale Hall* is only fitfully amusing. It relies on the inherent absurdity of the shenanigans to carry it off, and somehow the farce falls flat. Mr. Linklater is too busy being literate and keeping a poker face to add the necessary spark of humor. He doesn't have the affection, either, to make this a warm-hearted tribute to his indomitable individualists. Like his garrulous professor of Greek (there is one of these on the premises, too), he admires the Laxdalers, but he appears glad enough to get away when the story ends.

Guide for Parents

BETTER HOME DISCIPLINE. By Norma E. Cutts and Nicholas Moseley. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50.

By JANE E. SKILLIN

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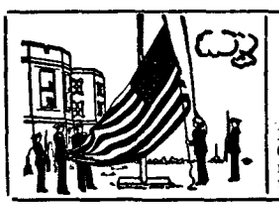

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Discipline offer some idea. Ignoring misbehavior is recommended wherever possible. Reasoning proves itself to be increasingly effective as the child grows older. "Be affectionate and polite; keep your sense of humor." The authors recommend spanking (with bare hands) only for the very young. Deprivation and isolation are better means. "Making right" (reparation) is the most effective punishment of all. Discipline in general should be consistent and firm, punishment prompt.

It may be alarming to learn from this volume that four bad behavior periods can be expected between the ages of two and thirteen. However, *Better Home Discipline* makes up for this by pointing out that the disturbing situations that arise in one's own family tend to be anything but unique. The authors' many specific recommendations are of a most useful sort.

Modern Currents

THE EXISTENTIALIST REVOLT. By Kurt F. Reinhardt. Bruce. $3.50.

By JAMES V. MULLANEY

THE Catholic who is to write a significant account of the Existentialists must fulfill at least three conditions. He must have a thorough and sympathetic knowledge of the various existentialist philosophers; he must be at home in the complex tradition of Christian intellectuality so as to evaluate existentialism in the face of integral Christianity; he must not be so committed to one or other of the Catholic schools of theology and philosophy as to be insensitive to what may be both new and true in recent philosophies.

Dr. Reinhardt fulfills these conditions. He has, as a result, written a substantially excellent account of Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Husserl, Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers and Gabriel Marcel. Each of these studies includes a lucid exposition of the philosopher in question and, with the exception of Heidegger, a brief, balanced appraisal of his work. To these studies is appended a final

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CURRENT COMMONWEAL AUTHORS

Looking back over the magazine's issues for the first seven months of 1952, we find that during this period The Commonweal has published among others the views of such eminent contributors as:

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Such a list of current contributors is a fair indication of the quality of the writing that appears in The Commonweal week after week. It serves as a reliable forecast of coming issues of The Commonweal. In order to give occasional readers and prospective subscribers a chance to get to know the magazine well, we are offering a bargain-rate eighteen-weeks trial subscription.

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chapter on the "Thematic Structure of Existentialism." No futile attempt to systematize existentialism is made, but some unity is introduced into the study of existentialism by isolating its nine themes.

Three criticisms seem to be in order. First, the two introductory chapters are diffuse and unnecessary in a book otherwise admirably compact. Second, whether Nietzsche should be included at all in a study of existentialists is a question: but to give him one quarter of the book, and nine times as much space as Husserl, is so unbalanced as to be absurd. Third, the "kid glove" handling of Heidegger, philosophically and politically, is offensive. Philosophically: the author avoids making any criticism of Heidegger; instead there is inserted Heidegger's self-defence against criticism made by others. Intellectual honesty, philosophical balance and moral justice should have indicated to Dr. Reinhardt that Heidegger is much more open to criticism than some of the other men he did criticize so well—Kierkegaard, Marcel, even Jaspers, for example. Politically: it was unnecessary for Dr. Reinhardt to have mentioned Heidegger's personal relations to Nazism and to Husserl at all. Since he chose to raise these points he might have done so honestly. Heidegger is the Nazi who was the student, later the assistant, of Husserl. When, under Hitler, Heidegger became rector of the University of Freiburg in Baden he barred his old master Husserl even from the grounds of the University for the crime of Jewishness.

REVIEWERS

James M. O'Neill is the author of *Catholicism and American Freedom.*

Donald McDonald is a member of the staff of the *Catholic Messenger*, Davenport, Iowa.

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